

The North Carolina Standard.

THOMAS LORING,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

RALEIGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1839.

VOL. V.—NO. 259.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

TERMS.

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FROM THE MILTON SPECTATOR.

THE GREAT DINNER IN CASWELL.

(Continued.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

Wadesboro, Sept. 17, 1839.

GENTLEMEN: Your favor of the 7th inst. inviting me to partake of a public dinner on the 19th, at the house of Mr. Zeri Gwyn, did not reach me until last night, altogether too late to enable me to arrive at the place mentioned by the time proposed, even were it in other respects convenient for me to go. But candor compels me to say, that it would not have been in my power, at the time named in your letter, to have availed myself of the hospitality of my fellow citizens of Caswell, however early their invitation might have reached me.

This being the second time that I have been compelled to decline the honor of dining with the Democratic citizens of Caswell, renders the necessity of declining doubly mortifying to me; but the loss is altogether mine, and I feel every confidence, that those who have given me these manifestations of kindness, will not suffer themselves to suppose either that I am lukewarm in the cause of Democracy, or indifferent to those who so nobly vindicate it.

A rigid construction of the Federal Constitution, and legislation with a single eye to the great body of the States and People, as contradistinguished from legislation for particular States, sections or classes, have always been cardinal points in my political faith, and a disregard of them has, in my judgment, produced all the political evils of which our country has complained, and all the dangers by which she has been threatened. This disregard has more or less insensibly been the besetting sin of every administration since the adoption of our Constitution, and will continue to be so while this great American Republic has an existence among nations. A large party in this country, respectable for numbers, talent and wealth, altogether deny the existence of any such disregard, or that any thing is to be apprehended from it. On the contrary, their fears are that, by a rigid construction of the Federal Constitution, the General Government will be so enfeebled that it will be overborne by the power of the State Governments, and popular liberty degenerate into licentiousness, and wealth in the hands of classes, and individuals, be rendered insecure. It is against the present Administration of the country, that this latter class of politicians is directing all its powers, with a view to overthrowing the Administration, together with the political principles which I am proud to hold in common with the Democratic citizens of Caswell. I have the gratifying trust that these efforts will prove unavailing and that the only effect which the infuriated assaults lately sustained by the present Administration, (pronounced by the deceased patriot Nathaniel Macon, "the purest this country has ever seen,") will be to strengthen public confidence in it, as the faithful guardian of popular rights. The clouds of suspicion which the misrepresentations of wickedness, ignorance and prejudice, have cast upon it, are passing away, and the people are daily giving evidence that its true character is more clearly discerned. The reason is propitious for the rejoicing of its friends. Its brightening prospects are the brightening prospects of our Heaven-favored country, which He who has defended from all other evils, will defend from the machinations of self-styled Whigs.

I am, gentlemen, with very high respect, your obliged fellow citizen, and obedient servant,
RO. STRANGE.

ALBRIGHTS, N. C. Sept. 12, 1839.

GENTLEMEN: Yours of the 31st August, is before me. I regret that I am prevented from joining you and the patriotic people of Caswell county, around the festive board, to mingle with the friends of liberty, and give vent to the feelings I entertain for the success which has crowned the efforts of the Republican party. The contest of 1839 proves, as in the days of '76, that the equality of rights recognised by our Government, may be in danger from the combined forces of opposition; but this happy Government cannot, and will not fall a victim at no time, to the energies that beset it. The opposition of 1839 is but the leaven of the opposition that existed in our Revolution; no matter under what camelion name it appears, it has the same tendency to destroy our Republican institutions; to put down Mr. Van Buren and the whole Republican party. But truth and justice are mighty, and will prevail over forgery, falsehood and all the corruption of those who look forward to the destruction of the purest and best government on earth.

Allow me to offer the meeting the following sentiment:

The same success to the patriots of 1839, that attended those of '76; and may the same fate await the opposition of 1839, that befel that of '76—their conduct being the same.

Very respectfully, yours,
WM. MONTGOMERY.

The disquisitions of IRVING, upon the very little part which children have in getting their own names, whether harsh or euphonic, odd or graceful, good, bad or indifferent, are happily illustrated in the following:

"My dear, what shall we name our babe?" said Mr. Smith to Mrs. Smith, the other day—

"Why huz, I've settled on Peter," Peter Good Lord, I never knew a man with the simple name of Peter, who could earn his salt." "Well, then, we'll call him Salt Peter."

Philadelphia Gazette.

FROM THE CHARLOTTE JOURNAL.

LUCUBRATION NO. 2.

August, 20th 1839.

"Sacra James auri." VIRGIL.

"For they said unto me, that within the inclosure there was a great store of houses and men which took no account of gold or silver or of pearls, seeing they had thereof in abundance." Hakluyt Vol. 3, 369.

In the former number I stated that I would speak of the antiquity of the mines of North Carolina. History informs us that not only in South America, but the early adventures and settlers of this country were lured in many instances by the hopes of gaining gold from the earth. The first adventurers that planted the English flag on this western continent sent out under the auspices of Sir Walter Raleigh (Amadas and Barlow,) landed in North Carolina in 1584 and on their return to England (says Robertson 2 vol. 204) gave such splendid descriptions of the beauty of the country; the fertility of the soil; the mildness of the climate, and the gold which abounded in the country, that not only the virgin Queen Elizabeth bestowed the name of Virginia upon it, but "many adventurers from a desire" says the Historian "to acquire sudden wealth, considered nothing worth of their attention but mines of gold and silver."

This feeling animated many of the followers of Greenville, Newport, Lane, Smith and others; and they formed the most extravagant anticipations. Here in their imagination the wildest visions of alchemy were to be realized. In the mildness of the climate, they hoped to enjoy a period of life lengthened, if not to immortality, to a desirable extent, and the rich ores of its hills afforded more golden treasures than ever was promised by the long sought for Philosopher's stone. However extravagant their calculations may have been, there is no doubt but both from history and experience that the mines of North Carolina were known and worked by the native Indians of the country or some one else a long time ago.

Amadas (already alluded to) describing Granaameo the Indian King of what is now known as Roanoke Island (in Currituck County) states that "he wore on his head a crescent of unpolished metal much resembling gold which he would neither remove or allow to be touched."

The colony left on this Island by Sir Richard Greenville, under the command of Capt. Ralph Lane suffered much from the desire of the colonist, to acquire gold, instead of attending to their more necessary pursuits (see Robertson's History of America 2 vol. 5) for says the history "the savages soon discovered the favorite object that allured the English, and told so many tales of rich mines that Lane and his men, wasted their time in these chimerical pursuits instead of raising provisions for their subsistence."

Another early historian (Hakluyt) describing a visit to an Indian King, near now St. Helena (Beaufort) in South Carolina says that "he gave them a certain number of exceeding fair pearls, and two stones of fine crystal and certain silver ore. Our men asked him the place where silver ore and the crystal came from. He made them answer that it came ten days journey from his habitation up within the country, and that the inhabitants did dig the same at the foot of certain high mountains where they found it in very good quantity." (Hakluyt vol. 3, p. 369.)

Here he adds "I showed them all parts of the heavens to the intent to learn in what quarter they dwelt, and straightway they pointed towards the North."

The distinct account thus given not only shows the actual existence of valuable metals and its possession by the aborigines; but also that its whereabouts was in the very region of the present gold mines of North Carolina.

Other authorities might be quoted, but the above are deemed sufficient for the purpose, and suitable to the space allowed to this paper.

An article extracted from the New York Observer, is quoted in the American Almanac of 1832, p. 228, and affords some proof on this interesting subject. It says "I ought to state one fact which is of deep interest. Here are indubitable evidences that these mines were known and worked by the aboriginal inhabitants or some other people a long period since. Many pieces of machinery which were used for this purpose have been found, among them several crucibles of earthen ware, and far better than those now in use. Mr. B. told me that he has tried three of them and stated that they were twice or three times as strong as even the Hessian crucibles."

In a recent digging in a mine in the vicinity of Charlotte, (Rodgers') two stones were found weighing about 6 pounds each with flat smooth surfaces, evidently bearing the marks of having been rubbed together—near them were found Indian beads. It is conjectured that these stones were used by the Indians for pounding the ore, which is even now one of the first processes of mining. These stones have been deposited in the U. S. Branch Mint here, for the inspection of the curious.

Such are among the evidences and facts to show the antiquity of the mines of North Carolina, and that they have been long ago worked either by the native Indians or some one else.

In another paper I shall endeavour to show the value and products of these mines, collected from sources that can be relied on as authentic.

BUCKLAND.

FROM THE RICHMOND ENQUIRER.

The Raleigh Register is silly enough to quote from some impudent anonymous letters, that appeared in the New York Star in 1834, in order to show that Mr. Van Buren was in opposition to the last war. "We shall insert these letters (says the Whig Oracle) for the benefit of those who assert that Mr. Van Buren acted with the Democratic party in supporting the War, and who further assert, that his course towards Governor Clinton was that of consistent friendship." There never was a more ridiculous allegation.

Mr. Van Buren was among the most active supporters of the war of 1812—No man's efforts were more enthusiastic—no one's writings more eloquent—no one's measures more energetic. The wonder is, how any man, who pretends to justice and impartiality, can republish such stuff as P. Henry, at this time of day, after the devel-

opments which the discussion of the last Presidential Election called forth. But what do the events of the present day exhibit? The testimony of the various counties which Mr. Van Buren has lately visited on the lines, is uniform and decided, on that point. Wherever he has gone, he has received the thanks of the people, for the efforts he made in their behalf during the last war. Among these is the animated address, which he received at Batavia, and to which the President replies in the following passage:

"It is a source of the highest gratification to me to find that a portion of my fellow-citizens, so well informed and respectable as the citizens of Genesee here assembled, have formed of them (his public measures) so favorable an opinion as that which you have expressed in their behalf. Particularly is it that the case as to what you have said in relation to my public course during the late war with Great Britain. It is known to all, that no county in the State gave to that memorable contest a more ardent, patriotic or efficient support than did Genesee; and I will not disguise the gratification I derive from the circumstances that so large and respectable a portion of the citizens have, in common with those of all the frontier counties which I have visited, availed themselves of the occasion presented by my presence among them, to do me the justice in this respect which they think I deserve."

FROM THE WILMINGTON ADVERTISER.

WILMINGTON AS A MARKET.

The Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road is rapidly progressing to completion, and our town is beginning to enjoy some of those advantages which were expected to flow from the accomplishment of this work. The eyes of the intelligent farmer, who resides in that fertile section of the State through which the road passes, are now turned to Wilmington as the best market for the disposal of his surplus produce.

Since the opening of the last section of this road, the first load of Bacon ever brought from Greene county to this market, has arrived. And we have been informed by a gentleman, who has just travelled through that region, that a large portion of it, which has heretofore carried its surplus produce to Newbern, is now disposed to give the Wilmington market a trial. Among these, is the region in which Stauntonburg is situated, which usually sends from 1500 to 1800 bales of Cotton to market. Now if our merchants are half so sagacious as we believe them to be, they will receive and secure, not only the trade of this one section, but they will hold out such inducements as will draw the trade of the whole country which lies between this and the Roanoke, to our market.

Wilmington is the proper outlet for the wealth of that portion of N. Carolina. From its greater commerce it can afford facilities to the farmer and country merchant which no other convenient port in Virginia or the Carolinas can. Perhaps our farmers are not aware that the shipping which arrives at Wilmington annually is nearly as great as that of Charleston, greater than that of Norfolk, and equal to that of Petersburg and Richmond put together. If you doubt the fact look at the reports made to the Secretary of the Treasury.

Some of our country friends may also be surprised to learn that during the last year 697 vessels arrived at this port; and that a single house, exported during one year, from June 1838 to June 1839, 59,061 barrels of Turpentine, and 3,133 barrels of Tar.

There are regular packets between this place and New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, Charleston, and all parts of the West Indies, and some vessels to and from Liverpool. We think we have said enough to convince our country friends that Wilmington as a market is capable of affording them facilities which they have never enjoyed. But here is another and an important one, which her superior commerce and frequent intercourse with foreign and domestic markets, enables her to afford in a greater degree than any other port within their reach.

In all cases, where the owner or producer prefers taking the chances of any market abroad, to the existing prices here on his arrival, the acute merchant will advance him the cash for three-fourths of its current value, and consign it to the producer's account, to the best houses in markets abroad. In this case it will be readily perceived that the producer may derive any advantage which prices abroad may give him over prices here, deducting the expenses of transportation, &c. &c. These are matters which deeply concern our merchants and country friends; and as such should receive their profound consideration.

FROM THE SOUTHERN AGRICULTURIST.

Preparation of Cotton Seed for Planting.

Mr. Editor: Every Cotton planter is aware, that in planting his seed, many of a defective kind are put into the ground. These have enough of vitality in them to sprout; but the plants from them are always defective, and never mature their fruit as well as plants from healthy seed.

To secure healthy seed, many planters are at the trouble of selecting their seed one by one, which, though a very good plan, is too tedious for general practice. Their plan is to pick out from among their seed, such as appear full and plump—but this plan sometimes fails as it is not every seed that appears best that is actually so. With them, as with men, appearances deceive. A more simple, more expeditious, and sure plan for selecting good seed, is to procure a large tub, fill this with salt water (fresh will do) about half full; into this drop (holding it as high as you can) one or two quarts of Cotton seed at a time. All full and perfect seeds will sink to the bottom of the tub, while the defective ones will float in the top of the water. These should be skimmed off with the hand. Continue to throw in seed after the manner above described, until you have collected as much seed as you want.

If you are ready to plant, the seed may be left in the tub of water during the night; but if the weather be warm, and the land dry, I would not advise doing so, unless the water has been well salted. The salt on the seed is a great help, it will attract moisture to the earth around the seed, and thus cause them to germinate much sooner. If any one wishes to be convinced of this, let him, in dry weather, sprinkle a little salt upon a piece of ground, and examine it next morning. While all the earth around, from having attracted moisture during the falling of the night dew, will appear actually wet.

Your obdt. servt,
A COTTON PLANTER.

FROM THE GENESSEE FARMER.

VARIETIES OF INDIAN CORN.

The following is an extract from a paper read before the Agricultural Society of Fredericksburgh, Virginia.

The kind of Corn cultivated, I believe to be of greater importance than is generally supposed. Any Virginian who has travelled northwards, must have observed the difference between their crops and ours. He must have seen that the stalks diminish in size, while the crop per acre obviously increases; and yet ours is notoriously the soil and climate for growing Corn. I think the difference may be attributed to the kind of Corn cultivated, a kind which enables them to plant much thicker than we do. Here, most of us plant a gourd-seed Corn, shooting up a large stalk, bearing generally one, occasionally two ears, and not admitting thick planting. There, the stalk is low, is planted very thick, and bears two, three, and four small flinty ears. Not far from Northampton Pennsylvania, I have seen Corn planted five feet by four, with three and four stalks in the hill. Counting three stalks at a distance, and allowing three ears to each, any given space, there, will yield seven or eight ears to our one; small ears certainly, but still large enough to account for the great superiority in the product per acre. I commenced with the old full-blown Virginia gourd-seed, and stuck to it for six or eight years; but finding that on common land many stalks were too late in curing, or did not ear at all, determined to change my seed. My next variety was the "Taliaferro white flint." This sort is touched with the gourd-seed, but it is superior to it in having a smaller stalk, and a harder and heavier grain. I then tried what is called the "Alsop Corn," resembling the Taliaferro in other respects, but somewhat smaller in stalk, and superior in number of ears, often producing two, three, and sometimes a greater number of ears. This Corn I still plant. I made one experiment with the Maryland twin Corn, and thought it as prolific as the Alsop; but the grain being lighter and the stalk taller, it was abandoned. Last winter I purchased, in Washington, a small quantity of "Bladen Corn," and planted with it a rich lot of two acres. It came up and grew off well, was the tallest Corn I ever saw, averaged five or six shoots to the stalk, and promised, at one time, to make a great crop. But it suffered nearly twice as much as the rest of my Corn, from the heat or drought of the summer, and was broken off by a wind in August, which did very little injury to the rest of the crop. It did not of course fill up or ripen well, and I feed it to Hogs. But as it certainly had more shoots than any Corn I ever saw, I have saved a small portion to plant again. It can be brought down to a proper standard, retaining its great number of shoots, it will probably turn out to be a very prolific variety.

It will readily be seen that I consider thicker planting than common essential in making heavy crops of Corn per acre. But thicker planting with a large kind, is out of the question. At the same time, it must be borne in mind, that as we increase the number we diminish the size of the ear, and add to the labor of gathering and husking. Every judicious farmer will decide, from experience, how far he can carry this process; and will stop as soon as he begins to doubt whether he is paid for his additional labor. Dismissing all speculation on this point, I believe we may safely plant any small variety of Corn, at the rate of one stalk to every ten square feet of tolerable land, which would give about 4,360 stalks, and from six to ten barrels of grain to the acre. I will only add, in conclusion, that altho' I have frequently been deterred by the influence which custom exercises over the mind of every one, from planting corn as thick as I was inclined to. I have in no one instance exceeded the usual rate without adding to the crop.

WILLIAM P. TAYLOR.

Caroline county, Va.

AN ACT OF NOBLENES.—Incident at the Battle of Sacket's Harbor.—At the battle of Sacket's Harbor, Capt. Gray, an accomplished gentleman and a noble and British officer, was shot by a small boy, a drummer, who snatched up a musket and fired at him as he was advancing at the head of a column to storm one of the barracks. This boy, who was an American, had served in the kitchen of Capt. Gray until the commencement of hostilities, when he returned home. After the fatal act, he approached his former master when in the last agonies of death, and owned that he had shot him. The Captain generously forgave him, and took his watch from his pocket and handed it him, in these words: "My brave little fellow, you have done well."

Such an officer, whether he be friend or foe, cannot but elicit the strongest feelings of sympathy from every generous bosom. Mr. Brackenridge, the author of the history of the last war, most truly says: "It is delightful to read such traits even in an enemy." Such a man deserved to fall in a better cause—in the cause of Freedom.

WHIG ECONOMY IN MARYLAND.

It seems that twenty-five thousand dollars!! were placed in the hands of a Mr. Merrick, by the Presidents of the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road Company, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal Company, to use his influence in the Legislature of Maryland, in obtaining a loan of six millions of dollars, for the benefit of those corporations respectively; and also ten thousand dollars!! to other coadjutors to carry the bills for said loans through the Legislature. The disclosure of this transaction, was occasioned by a contest between Mr. Merrick and Mr. Johnson (both Whigs) for a seat in the United States Senate.

The proof, is contained in a published letter of one McCulloch, in whose hands the money was placed, to employ Merrick and others in the above "unpleasant service," as Mr. Merrick himself calls it, in a letter to McCulloch; all these worthies (president and agents,) are Whigs; and it is given as an instance of Whig management in the State of Maryland.

North Carolinian.

GEN. JACKSON.—There is no statesman living, whose public life has been actuated by purer motives; and whatever may have been the political differences between him and a minority of his fellow-citizens, his, at least, we are convinced, have been honest. For his country, and her liberties and prosperity, he has braved and triumphed over the most malignant attacks, and if he has made enemies, he has made them for his country's sake.—Weekly Times.

FROM THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.

AWFUL TRAGEDY!!

Mr. James Wood, an Englishman, came to this city many years ago. He was originally a hatter by trade, which he followed for a time after his arrival. At length, his wife commenced a small but neat confectionary store, No. 1 Arcade, Chesnut street. Soon the business was so successful, that Mr. Wood and a little and beautiful daughter, Sarah Ann, gave it their undivided attention. Edward Peak, an Irishman, aged then 32, was a boot-maker, nearly opposite the door of Mr. Wood's confectionary. As Sarah ripened into girlhood, he was discovered by the father to be seeking, by stealth, the company of Sarah Ann. The moral character of Peak was regarded by the father such as to make him a most forbidding suitor, and Mr. Wood forbade his addresses.

Within the last three years, Mr. Wood purchased the capacious brick dwelling, formerly occupied by Josiah Randall, directly opposite the Old State House, on Chesnut street, and by entire remodelling of it, made it one of the most beautiful Confectionary and Ice-Cream establishments in the world. It was, especially for the last two years, visited by the taste and fashion of our city and strangers who visited Philadelphia. Sarah Ann, with her natural industry, has been one of the chief attendants, and no one, who has ever visited that house, could fail to have been struck with the beauty, modesty and unobtrusive politeness with which she waited upon its numerous visitors. Entire success attended the exertions of Mr. Wood, by which he had realized a handsome property, and no man in Philadelphia was more surely on the road to an ample fortune.

Peak continued most insidiously his addresses to Sarah Ann, after the family had removed to their new abode. The way he accomplished this was to call into the store as soon as Mr. Wood was out, and pretending to be buying small articles of confectionary, he was throwing his coils around an unprepared heart to lure her from the better counsel of her father's roof. Mr. Wood has been for many years lessee of the bars connected with the Chesnut street Theatre, and it was especially when the father went to that part of his business, that Peak would take occasion to hang about the counter, where Sarah Ann was in attendance.

Peak is not handsome, but is a pock-marked, unrepining individual, 36 years old, while Sarah Ann was beautiful, intelligent and fascinating, at the tender age of about 22. Her infatuation is unaccountable to all, and especially so when her parents looked upon Peak as a man destitute of moral character. He was one of the individuals whom the sagacious management of W. B. Reed, Esq. forced as a witness in the case of the den of gamblers, who were last summer brought before our Criminal Court. The father was most watchful to keep "ruin from his house," but Peak finally wooed the nestling from her parents' wings.

On Friday last, Sarah Ann left her father's house, and joined Peak at his boarding house, (Mrs. Cole's 5th and Minor streets.) An anonymous letter having been received by Mr. Wood, stating that Peak and his daughter had been privately married twelve days before. He could not believe it, but on inquiry the fatal news proved too true. From that time, the father was beside himself. So fearful was his condition, that the store was at once closed, and all business suspended. Sorrow unutterable had taken full possession of him. An intimate female friend from the neighborhood, states that she immediately went in to try and console him. She had known him and his family long and well. His great grief was that his daughter had married a man whom he regarded as dissipated habits—not that he was a mechanic, for it is thought that he is the last person in this community to entertain any aristocratic feeling of that kind.

Friday and Saturday the condition of the father was dreadful. Sometimes he appeared calm—but it seemed the calmness of an overpowering calamity. Then he would weep like a child. The lady said often to him, "Now that the event has happened, pray, sir, try and be comforted;" and in a flood of heart-broken anguish, he would say—"Yes, yes, I must—you are my friend. I'll do as you tell me. What shall I do? Oh, you must be my guardian angel!" She remained with him and his family during all this time, and describes every moment as a scene of anguish and distress that cannot be portrayed.

Mrs. Wood finally prevailed upon her daughter to return home on the assurance of her father's forgiveness, and in the hope of a final reconciliation with Peak. But this appeared to afford only momentary relief to the phrenzied mind of the father. Through Sunday, he continued as distracted as ever, and up to Monday morning, when Peak came to demand his wife. This appeared to arouse the wretched parent.—He said—"Yes, she shall go with him at 12 o'clock."

At twenty minutes before 10 o'clock, the report of a pistol in the house drew an immense assemblage in front and about the premises.—One of Mr. Wood's little sons (he has three pretty boys, all under twelve years of age) ran down the back way, and alarmed Mr. Sill.—That gentleman immediately went up, and found the daughter prostrate upon the floor, with her face downwards and weltering in her blood—a pair of pistols were beside her, and the miserable father hung over her in the utmost disorder, and when he caught the gaze of Mr. Sill he said vehemently—"I did it—I shot my only daughter!" The eldest of the sons was clinging to his father, weeping—"It was not father who shot Sarah—he could not have shot her—it wasn't my father." Mrs. Wood swooned into insensibility—the surviving children cried as if they would break their little hearts; when the alarm brought in Sheriff Fidler and some attendants, who conveyed the homicide to his own sleeping apartment, while he appeared to have relapsed into the most profound stupor. Mr. Burton, the attorney-general was then in attendance, and as the daughter still breathed, he had Doctors Rush and Emerson called in, who examined the wound and pronounced it mortal, the ball having passed in below the right eye, and out of the back part of the head. The poor girl breathed her last at ten minutes before 11 o'clock.

So immense had the crowd now become in front of the house, that the Mayor, with his officers had reached the premises; and by the advice of the Attorney General, it was deemed advisable not to attempt to convey the father to the Mayor's office, but to have an examination in his own house, which accordingly at once took place before Mayor Roach—Mr. Wood having now been partly aroused from his stupor but raving at intervals like a maniac—"I did the deed—Is she dead—Yes, she is—I'm happy—Better to die than live with a worthless creature—I've taken three glasses of brandy—I don't drink—She's dead, ha! ha!" The examination resulted in cause sufficient for commitment; and a carriage was brought when he was conveyed to Moyamensing Prison.

On passing to the prison, he seemed to relapse into the former stupor, but when he reached there he raved and tore like the veriest madman. Soon, however, he again returned to a state of almost utter insensibility, from which he was aroused only to such a condition of consciousness and misery as beggars all language to describe. A legal friend of ours saw him in his cell on Tuesday morning, while several of his intimate friends were there—and he was weeping unceasingly like a child; and so painful was his lamentations and so distracted his mind that two of the humane keepers were constantly detailed to watch by his bedside, lest he should terminate his own life, in some paroxysm of all-absorbing grief.

Peak was married to Miss Wood by Rev. Mr. Clemens, and our New England readers will be surprised that a marriage could have so occurred, without some of the parental friends learning something of it in advance. But, to those who are not aware of the law, we will state that in Pennsylvania a couple may go out at any time, and acknowledge themselves "man and wife" before a clergyman or magistrate, and that is all that is necessary.

We are told by a gentleman who visited Mr. Wood in prison, on the morning after the fatal deed, that he appeared at first to arouse as if from a dream. He seemed lost, and bewildered, and could not tell where he was in prison; his expressions were hurried and incoherent, and he inquired for his daughter, availing that there was something like a faint impression on his mind that some dread evil had befallen her, and he had himself done the deed. But when afterwards, returning consciousness came full upon him, and he reflected upon all that had happened, he sunk beneath it into the most heart-rending agony. He has wept unceasingly ever since. How could it be otherwise from a father who had taken the life of his only daughter?

FROM THE NEW YORK EVENING STAR.

THE PHILADELPHIA TRAGEDY.

We publish an extract from the Philadelphia Gazette, in which the counsel for Mr. Wood represents him to be altogether insane, a perfect maniac, and as such requests a suspension of public opinion and prejudice.

That a father must have been laboring under severe though probably temporary, insanity, in killing his child, admits of no doubt; but in the whole case there is matter for serious reflection. Mr. Wood kept a confectionary and ice cream shop in the most fashionable and frequented street in the city, and was doing a prosperous business. His daughter, represented to possess great personal beauty, attended his store, and was no doubt an object of considerable attraction to most of the young male customers, which is natural enough, without any impeachment of her deportment. Here is the first error. A father, anxious to do well in his business, probably somewhat grasping and avaricious, deems it his interest to place his beautiful daughter behind the counter to attract custom. Even in this there might be no harm, the father having confidence in his child; but the danger is in placing a beautiful girl in the constant gaze of the public, where she is compelled to listen to the compliments paid to her, either sincerely or from gallantry; where she sees and converses daily with the elite of the city, and is placed in a position to inspire affection from some of her admirers, or to become herself attached to a particular individual, possessing sufficient control over her affections. For this result her father should have been prepared, by placing her in the way of such temptations; and when she left his house in order to marry, and returned a wedded wife, no matter who it was she had chosen for her husband, the father should have freely forgiven her, aware that he himself was in a great measure the cause of her marriage. Unfortunately, however, avarice and anger predominated over reason, duty and affection. He had lost the services of his daughter; her attractions, withdrawn from the shop, would diminish custom, and this created gloom. She had been unfaithful; she had married, probably, a person beneath her circumstances in life; and a combination of such feelings led to the disastrous murder, for so it was under every circumstance of the case.

Altogether, there was nothing in the whole conduct of the girl to justify the insanity of the father. He ought to have known that it was natural for his daughter to marry—that she might possibly marry without his consent; and he should have been prepared for such an issue. We can see no extenuating circumstances in his case: it was a cold-blooded and heartless murder, having, we fear, its origin in avarice, passion, and defeated pride.

We have always been in favor of females attending fancy stores, because there are but few avenues through which a female can obtain a living; but we are opposed to having them tricked out for show or attraction of custom, or the selection and preference of a distinguished beauty, to draw around her the gad-flies of fashion and folly. This unhappy event, we trust, will be a caution in such matters hereafter.

SWALLOWING A FARM.—A farmer in Connecticut, who has occupied the same farm, on lease, for about thirty years past, was complaining that he had been able to lay up nothing from his thirty years' labor. A neighboring storekeeper offered to explain to him the reason, and proceeded as follows: "During the last thirty years that you have been on that farm, I have been trading in this store; and the distilled spirits I have sold you, with the interest of the money, would have made you the owner of the farm you hire."—Journal of Humanity.

AN EARLY MARRIAGE AND HAPPY COUPLE. The Richmond Enquirer, in noticing the decease of Mrs. J. Pollard, late wife of Robert Pollard, of that city, mentions the remarkable facts, that Mr. P. was but 18, and Mrs. P. 15, at the time of their marriage, and that they lived happily together for the long period of 65 years.